

KENTUCKY



TRIBUNE

JNO. F. ZIMMERMAN & SON,
Publishers.

(Devoted to News, Politics, Internal Improvement, and General Information.)

TWO DOLLARS PER ANNUM
—In Advance.

VOL. XII.—NO. 24.

DANVILLE, KY., FRIDAY MORNING, JANUARY 26, 1855.

WHOLE NO. 594.

THE KENTUCKY TRIBUNE

IS PUBLISHED WEEKLY BY
JNO. F. ZIMMERMAN & SON,
ON THE FOLLOWING TERMS:
Per annum, in advance, \$2 00
Within six months, \$1 50
At the end of the year, \$3 00

We will give one copy of the Tribune, and one copy of either Graham's, Godey's, or Easton's Magazine, one year, for \$4.
No paper discontinued until all arrears are paid, except at the option of the publishers.

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Each additional insertion, 25 cts.
A liberal discount made to yearly advertisers.
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Marriages and Deaths, published free.

BOOK AND JOB PRINTING!

HAVING lately added to our Job Office, some of the most fashionable styles of
NEW TYPE,
We are now prepared to fill all orders for
**PLAIN AND FANCY
JOB PRINTING.**

In a style which cannot be surpassed in the State. Our stock of
FINE CARD TYPE
is very complete, and those desiring either Professional or Business Cards, are invited to send in their orders.

JNO. F. ZIMMERMAN & SON,
Tribune Office, Danville, Ky.

FOR SALE:
RIFLE and Shot Guns, just received and for sale by
J. B. AKIN.

4 BOXES FINE VIRGINIA CHEWING TOBACCO, just received at
L. DIMMITT'S.

PARLOR CHAIRS of several beautiful and tasteful styles, for sale at
G. W. HEWES.

GLASS-WARE:
BOWLS, Stands, Salvers, Pitchers, Preserver Stands, Gossard, Mugs, Water Bottles, Tumblers, etc., etc., at
J. B. AKIN'S.

WRITING and Ladies' Work Tables, convenient and well made, at
HEWES.

WARDROBES and Hat Racks, of superior workmanship, for sale by
G. W. HEWES.

BUREAUS, Walnut, Mahogany and Rosewood, of various styles, for sale at G. W. HEWES' Furniture Warehouse, 3d street, sept 1, '54

BEST VIRGINIA TOBACCO for sale at
J. C. HEWES.

250 LARD KEGS
for sale by
WELSH & RUSSELL.

Chewing Tobacco & Cigars.
J. B. AKIN'S, Baltimore, and Missouri Tobacco, Spanish, Half Spanish and Common Cigars, by the box or dozen, just received and for sale by
J. B. AKIN.

Pocket Knives.
THE "Tom Page Knife," the Jonathan Crooke's Knife, the Geo. Wootton's Knife, and various other fine manufacturing razors, all for sale by
J. B. AKIN.

Window Glass,—8 by 10; 10 by 12; 12 by 16; 12 by 18; 12 by 20; and 18 by 24—just received and for sale by
JNO. B. AKIN.

MATS,—Open Gate Mats; do. Cocoa Plain and Open Gate Mats; do. Cocoa and for sale by
JNO. B. AKIN.

TOYS,—A fine lot of Toys for Christmas just received and for sale by
T. J. SHEDDEN.

50 BOXES Star and Tallow Candles just received and for sale at
WELSH & RUSSELL.

For Sale or Rent.
THE TRACT OF LAND, known as the **FRYING PAN** TRACT, on Dick's River. JAMES KINNARD.

FRESH SAGE
FOR sale at the Sign of the Big Book and Mortar.
WM. M. STOUT.

CIDER VINEGAR,
MADE by E. B. BRUCE, just received and for sale by
WM. M. STOUT.

Perfumery, Inks, &c.
JUST received, a large and superior lot of Harrison's Columbian Inks, red, blue, and black; Hair Oil; Lip Balm; Perfumery, &c.
H. HAMILTON.

NOTICE.
I HAVE left my notes and accounts with Mr. BENJ. MONTGOMERY, at the Branch Bank, and will be much obliged to all indebted to me if they will call on him and settle. I will leave them with Mr. M. for a short time, and all who feel disposed to save costs can do so by attending to this notice.
G. A. ARMSTRONG.

INSURANCE COMPANY,
OF Hartford, Conn.
S. Agent of the above Company. I will issue Policies on Dwellings, on Farm Houses, for a term of years, on as favorable terms as any reliable Mutual Company.
See statement of Company, in another place.
A. S. MCGORRITY, Agt.
Oct 6, 1854 [Jan 3, '55]

POETICAL.

From Putnam for January.
PSYCHICHAURA.

BY H. W. LONGFELLOW.

The wind of an Autumn midnight
Is moaning round my door—
The curtains wave at the window,
The carpet lifts on the floor.

There are sounds, like startled footfalls,
In the distant chambers now,
And the touching of airy fingers
Is busy on hand and brow.

'Tis thus, in the Soul's dark dwelling
By the moody host unsought—
Through the chambers of memory wander,
The invisible airs of Thought;

For it bloweth where it listeth,
With a murmur loud or low;
Whence it cometh—whither it goeth—
None tell us, and none may know.

Now weary round the portals
Of the vacant, desolate mind—
As the doors of a ruined mansion,
That creak in the cold night wind.

And anon an awful memory
Sweeps over it fierce and high—
Like the roar of a mountain forest,
When the midnight gale goes by.

Then its voice subsides in wailing,
And, ere the dawning of day,
Murmuring fainter and fainter,
In the distance dies away.

MISCELLANEOUS.

THE TEMPTATION:
OR
Honesty the best Policy.

William Carter arose from a fitful and uneasy slumber. The night had been cold and windy—such a night as December usually brings among the hills of New Hampshire. William's bed was hard, and the cold wind had found its way through many a crack and crevice in his rooming cottage; but he might have slept if his mind had been at ease. This wife was a delicate woman; toil and exposure had brought on a lingering illness, and she lay all night moaning with pain, and shivering with cold. William arose, and having kindled a fire, went forth into the open air. The clouds were black and heavy, and the wind swept in gusts through the naked trees. Away in the distance the top of the hills were already white with snow. He had engaged a day's work on a neighboring farm; but it was useless to go—the farmer would not work that day; so he turned away with a heavy step, and entered his dwelling. The children were soon stirring and the pale, suffering mother rose from her couch to prepare the morning meal. A few potatoes were boiled for the father and children, and a cup of gruel prepared for himself.

William Carter and his wife had seen better days; but sickness and misfortune, the fraud of some and cruelty of others, had driven them forth from their pleasant home, which he had spent the strength of his manhood to purchase, and forced them to take shelter in their present miserable abode.

"Why can't you have some bread and butter?" said little James, a child six years old, pushing away the potato which was offered him. "We used to have bread and pies, and I don't want potatoes all the time!"

An expression of agony, passed over the father's face. Bitter feelings were rushing through his heart—murmuring against Providence—reminiscences of his lot—unbelief in God.

"I would bear everything but this," murmured he. "I can bear toil, humiliation and want myself; but I cannot see my children pine for bread, and my wife shivering in this miserable hovel! If there is a God, why does he suffer the rich to oppress the poor, and the strong to crush the weak? I sometimes feel like taking justice into my own hand, and with my own arm avenging my cause."

But the storm was soon over. Softened by the tender, hopeful words of his afflicted wife, his bitterness of spirit passed away. His poverty and his wrongs were all forgotten, in the memory of his sinful anger and murmuring. The spirit of other days returned—the divine triumphed over the human; and they bowed down before God, with the loving confidence of little children, casting all their cares on His mighty arm, and committing the future to His direction.

A storm was evidently coming on outside—Already the snow began to fall; but there was not wood enough at the door to last two days, and William must go to his neighbor and get permission to cut a few trees, or at least to pick up the limbs that were lying about. He buttoned up his coat and went out. Already a thin white drapery lay over the bosom of the earth, twisted into graceful knots and wreaths. He stepped on something which moved beneath his foot—and looking down he saw a large pocket-book, half covered with snow. A sudden flash of joy dashed through his heart. Seizing it, he turned his face from the wind to examine the contents. There was a roll of bank notes, which he unrolled and counted. His first impulse was to secure the money and throw the pocket-book away. Was it not his own? He had found it; had not heaven sent it in mercy as a relief to his wants—an answer to his prayers? How much good this money would do! Bread and shelter for his wife and little ones, whose cheeks were growing pale with want—whose merry smiles were changed to anxious looks of care! Thus he reasoned; but conscience whispered, Beware! suffer not the love of gold to make a plague spot on thy heart! The money is not thine; and this may have been permitted as a trial of thy faith!

But, perhaps, he thought, I cannot find the owner—then it will be mine, honestly mine; and with the hope that it might contain no evidence of the ownership, he commenced examining the pocket-book again. Mordant, condemn him not too severely—sit not in hasty judgment on the heart of thy erring brother. Thus tempted, perhaps thine own would have been no bet-

ter. But the examination left no room for doubt. There was the owner's name, fully inscribed—the name of a rich merchant, with whom, in days past, William had been acquainted. What a death blow was this to his wild hopes!

The vision of comfort, which had blossomed him for a moment, as if in mockery, was snatched away, and he saw again the miserable hut, the pale wife, and hungry children. Dashing the pocket-book to the ground he stood for a moment and gazed on it.

"Tempter! deceiver!" he exclaimed, "why art thou mocked and tantalized?"

And then, as if a sudden thought had struck him, he picked it up and stepped into a thicket, which offered a partial shelter from the storm, and seated himself on a fallen tree. The elements were in commotion, but there was a fierce conflict in his bosom. He sat there for more than an hour, the rushing wind and fallen snow all unheeded; but when he rose up the conflict was passed, and the expression of his face, though sad, was peaceful and resigned.

That night, after the children were in bed, William produced the pocket-book, unrolled the bank notes before his astonished wife, and told her how he had found it half hidden beneath the snow.

"What shall you do with it?" she said.

"What shall I do with it?" was the reply. "Return it to the owner. We can bear toil and poverty, but not the reproaches of a guilty conscience."

"I know it would be thus. When the dark temptation was on me, and the evil in my heart seemed ready to triumph, I knew that you would not fail to see clearly and approve the right."

The storm was now over, and to-morrow I must carry the money to Mr. Carter. It is about fifteen miles; I will start early, and perhaps he will give me enough to pay my passage back in the stage."

The next morning, long before sunrise, William was on his way. It was hard walking through the newly fallen snow; and the wind was cold and piercing, but he pressed resolutely on, and before noon he reached the house of Mr. Carter. He ascended the marble steps and rang the bell. A servant appeared and in answer to his inquiry if Mr. Carter was at home, informed him that the gentleman was out, and that he would be back till dinner, which would be at two. William cast a glance at his thread-bare coat and rusty garments. The splendor and luxury would form a striking contrast to his own comfortable home, but he was cold and weary and would be glad of a seat any where near the fire; so he said to the servant—

"I have important business with Mr. Carter; and if you please, I will come in and wait till he returns."

The man eyed him from head to foot, and with a slight sneer on his face, which William did not fail to mark, conducted him to the kitchen. Preparations for dinner had commenced. There was talking, broiling, roasting—such a din as would have tempted the appetite of an epicure. However, the two hours passed away. Mr. Carter at length came in, and William gave a bewildered and timid look around the magnificent apartment; and he shrank as he caught a full view of himself in a mirror, which extended almost from the ceiling to the floor.

"Have you any business with me, sir?" said Mr. Carter in an impatient tone.

"Yes, sir," said William, producing the pocket-book, and handing it to him. "I found this yesterday, and it bears your name, I have brought it to you."

"Ah! then, you found my pocket-book. I am glad to see it again, which I never expected to do."

He carefully examined it. "All right," he said, "and I am obliged to you for returning it, for it contains valuable papers; then carefully placed it in his pocket."

William had no more to say. He arose and with no further evidence of gratitude or obligation, he was suffered to depart.

"I am sorry you did not give the poor man something, father," said a fair girl, who sat seated herself on an ottoman at his feet. "Did you notice how pale he looked, and how he almost staggered as he rose to go away?"

"Did he? No, I did not notice it. I thought he gave him something, if I had thought of it—it isn't his gone now?"

"But, father, you might send it to him. You know him, do you not? I fear he is very poor." "Yes, I had some dealings with him years ago. Now I remember that I heard he had lost his farm."

"How far did he come this cold morning to bring you that pocket-book?"

"He lives in B—; he must have come fifty or twenty miles. I ought to have paid him well for it, and I will not fail to do so yet."

Here the dinner bell interrupted the conversation; and the father and daughter proceeded to the dining room.

While the rich man was enjoying his pleasant repast, William Carter, with a sinking heart and a weary frame, turned his steps towards home. He had not tasted food since early dawn, and now full fifteen miles lay before him. He felt disappointed, indignant, grieved at the cold and indifferent manner in which his services had been received. Resolute putting down, however, the evil thoughts which all this occasioned, he raised a silent prayer for help and resignation, and pressed on his way. It was late when he arrived, and he had scarcely strength to cross the threshold, and throw himself upon his bed. His over-taxed system had given away and before morning he was raving in the delirium of a violent fever. Then did his wife feel that the hand of the Lord was heavy upon her; but her faith failed not. As she watched day after day by the sufferer's couch, bathing his burning brow and soothing his wild frenzy with her loving voice, she was able to say—"Though He slay me, yet will I trust in Him." Oh, blessed sustaining power of faith and hope—faith not in man but in God—hope not of earth, but of Heaven! Cling to thy faith, poor woman—make thy heart strong in confidence; for God will not forsake thee—Even now He is preparing the reward. He will not break the bruised reed nor crush the humble heart.

Did the rich man sleep sweetly, as he lay on a downy pillow? Were there no remorseless

thoughts when he remembered the careless act of injustice of which he had been guilty?

It was the fifth day of William Carter's sickness and the physician said that night would be the crisis; if he lived through it he might recover. He had then fallen into a lethargic sleep. His pale wife sat holding his hand, and gazing anxiously on his sunken features and half shut eyes. The children, with sad faces and noiseless steps, crept around them. There was a rap at the door, it was opened; a gentleman entered. Mrs. Carter looked with surprise on the unexpected visitor. His dress and bearing, so different from her humble neighbors, at another time might have awed her, but that there was no place to feel the paltry distinction of human society. In the presence of that Power before which the rich and poor, the mighty and the weak alike bow, men feel that they are equals—that they are brothers. She arose and offered him a chair. He did not seem to notice her, but advancing to the bed, he gazed long and anxiously on the ashy features of the sufferer, while tears chased each other down his cheeks; then turning away he threw himself into a chair and wept with uncontrolled emotion.

This tender may have guessed was Mr. Carter. He came into the neighborhood and inquired for William Carter, and had been told of his sickness and the probable cause. The good woman where he stopped had a warm heart and a voluble tongue; and little suspecting who her auditor was, she had given full scope to her eloquence in denouncing the ungrateful man who suffered her poor neighbor to walk fifteen miles and to return without even a dinner.

Mrs. Carter stood gazing in silent astonishment on her visitor, when he arose, and placing a heavy purse in her hand said—

"Take this, and let no expense be spared for your husband's recovery. I will call again."

Before she had time to express her gratitude or surprise, he was gone.

The next morning William has better—the crisis had passed—the fever was gone; but he lay weak and helpless as a babe, and but for the many comforts which that purse had produced, he might have died. He grew stronger day by day; and at the end of the week, he was sitting propped by pillows in a large armchair. Mrs. Carter approached the window, and exclaimed—

"There comes the stranger who gave you the purse."

A minute more, and he entered the room—Approaching William, he grasped his hand and said earnestly—

"Thank heaven that you are yet alive—that you will live! If you had died, I never could have forgiven myself. I have come to make you some atonement for the injustice of which I was guilty; and he placed a folded paper in his hand. "There," he continued, "when you are able, read that. Do not thank me—it is no more than justice. The pocket-book was of great importance to me; and it cost you dear."

When the gentleman was gone, William opened the paper, and found it a deed to himself of his old house and farm. There was dancing and shouting among the children; and in the hearts of the father and mother a deep and holy joy, mingled with thankfulness and trust in God.

I need not tell of his happy re-entrance into their former happy home, nor how in better days William Carter often gathered his grand children around his knee, and told them of his bitter trials and temptations, and taught them that those who put their trust in God are never forsaken.

The Reward of Plain Speaking.

Late one evening a traveler was observed sitting on a stump of wood before a peasant's cottage. When the peasant returned home from his work in the fields he saw the man sitting and said to him, "Why don't you go into some lodging house for the night, and not sit there?"

The traveler replied, "My good friend, I have an unfortunate propensity, which makes me so disagreeable to people that they can't bear me." The peasant replied, "Indeed! what propensity is that?"

"That," answered the traveler, "is the propensity to speak the truth. The peasant then said, 'On that account you are welcome to my house; for that habit of yours is indeed an excellent quality.' The traveler then went in with the peasant, who called his wife, and told her to bring some refreshments, for he had brought a guest with him, when they were at supper, the traveler took notice of every thing in the house, and saw that there were only three living things belonging to it—the peasant, his wife, and cat, and they are all blind of an eye. While they were busy at supper, the peasant said, 'You told me just now that you always speak the truth; now tell me the truth; what are you now thinking of?' The traveler said, 'I have no objections to tell you, only I fear you will not be very well pleased.' The peasant assured him he should not be angry. The traveler then looked round on his three friends, consisting of the cat, the man and his wife, and said, 'I was amused in thinking that you three—man, wife, and cat—were only three eyes among you all! What was the consequence of this bold speech? The cat scratched him, the woman scolded him well, and the man thrust him, head and shoulders, out of the house.'

THE WELCOME BACK.

Sweet is the hour that brings us home,
Where all will spring to meet us;
Where hands are striving, as we come,
To be the first to greet us.

When the world hath sped its frosts and wrath
And care has been sorely pressing;
This sweet to turn from our roving path,
And find a fire-side blessing.

Oh, joyfully read, the homeward track,
If we are sure of a welcome back.

"Pete says that the ciphering book ain't right when it says that 'two pints make one quart.' He says that daily sells two or three quarts out of only one pint of pure liquor. Pete's daddy must be a Son of Temperance, or he wouldn't use quite so much water."

"An instance of elegant pronunciation, illustrated by a humane sentiment, was given in the National House of Representatives, a few days since. An Indian appropriation bill was under discussion, when the delegate from Oregon undertook to enlighten the House. 'Mr. Speaker,' said he, 'taut no use trying to civilize the Indians of Oregon. They are civilized about treaties. They'll rob and murder whenever they can get a chance. The only way to treat the critters is to scalp 'em.'"

"I say, milkman, you give your cows too much salt! 'Why—how so? How do you know how much salt I give them?' 'I judge from the appearance of the milk you bring us lately! Salt makes the cows dry, and then they drink too much water, and that makes their milk thin you know.'"

THE CRICKET.

Merry Cricket, twittering thing,
How I love to hear thee sing!
Chirping tenant, child of mirth,
Minister of the poor man's heart!—
Stay, merry Cricket—stay and be
Companion in our jollity.

"A friend of ours passing a laborer the other day, who was busy setting of stone posts, was curious to know their object, and therefore inquired—'What are you setting those posts for?' 'Fifty cents apiece, yer honor,' replied Pat."

"The heart of a young girl is like a nest where the little swallow chirps, shows its head, tries its wings, and watches the favorite moment to fly."

"One of our smart city urchins hearing his father read an article in the paper in relation to a new invention of bricks of glass, exclaimed—'Glass bricks? I know what them is!—'What are they?' inquired one of the family. 'Tumbler of Jigger!' almost shouted the juvenile."

"From the Abstract of the Census, lately published, we learn that the three smallest places in the United States are Harris, Essex County, Vermont, having a population of eight; Averil, in the same county, with a population of seven; and Liberty, in Kentucky County, Maine, with a population of five."

A BASKET OF CHIPS.

"A miss Naomi Sander and Mr. Shanks lately perpetrated matrimony, whereupon 'Jim' perpetrated the following epithetaphum: A riddle so exceeding clever

Deserves our warmest thanks—
Naomi is more a 'Scudder' than ever,
Now she has extra 'Shanks'!"

"A young lady recently returned from a boarding school, being asked at the table if she would take some more cabbage, replied,—'By no means, madam—gastro-nomical safety admonishes me that I have arrived at the ultimate of culinary degeneration consistent with the code of Esculapius.'"

"Is that clear butter?" asked a grocer of a boy who had brought a quantity to market.—'I should think it ought to be,' said the boy, 'for mama and Sall was more than two hours picking the hairs and motes out of it, to be sure, last night.'"

The N. Y. Times advises everybody to keep out of debt. Good sense but deuced hard to live up to, especially by those who have nothing to do, and a large family to take the proceeds. The advice of the Times reminds us of that of the French landlord:—'By gar, when a man gets too poor to pay his rent, he should build a house for himself.'"

THE NEW YEAR.

"Old Time has turned another page,
Oftefenty and truth;
He reads with a warning voice to age,
And whispers a lesson to youth.

A year has fled o'er the heart and head
Since last the 'yule' log burnt;
And we have a task to closely ask,
What the bosom and brain have learnt."

"Lonely men are accompanied with a very great drawback. They are always jealous.—Show us a gentleman with yaller hair and a pug nose, and we will show him who is ready to stab himself with a brickbat every time he sees you looking at his chin-put."

IMPROVED STEEL PLOWS.

OF all kinds, both Right and Left handed, which they warrant to give satisfaction, or return the purchase money. They sell exclusively on consignment; consequently, they have not their Plows at a price that any farmer wanting a good Plow will hesitate to purchase one.

Our prices are as follows:—For No. 1, largest size, \$11 00 and \$12 00; for No. 2, medium size two horses, \$10 00 and \$11 00; for No. 3, small Plow, \$7 00; also, Steel Shovel Plow at \$5 00. All orders attended to with promptness and utmost care.

J. B. AKIN is Agent, at Danville, and will keep a supply of these Plows for sale.

Our Plows can also be had at Mr. JOHN S. HARRIS's, in Garrard county; at Col. G. S. ALLEN's, in Boyle county; at C. B. LEWIS's, in Scott county; at E. L. SAMUEL's, in Franklin; and all orders left with J. S. HARRIS, Crab Orchard, or G. T. FISHER, of Clarke county, will be attended to.

All persons wanting Plows will please send in their orders. We will be pleased to fill them.

T. E. C. BRINLEY & MOODY.

N. B. There is another matter that we wish to inform the farmers of. There is a great many who are trying to use my Plows, and I have been told that there has been Plows and as my make. I will just say, that every Plow of my make has my name stamped on the heel of the bar. Every person purchasing will please examine.

T. E. C. BRINLEY.

Simpsonville, Ky., Dec 22, '54 3m

BRITISH PERIODICALS.

EARLY COPIES SECURED.

LEONARD SCOTT & CO., New York, continue to re-publish the following British Periodicals, viz:

The London Quarterly, (Conservative.)
The Edinburgh Review, (Whig.)
The North British Review, (Free Church.)
The Westminster Review, (Liberal.)
Blackwood's Edinburgh Magazine, (Tory.)

The present critical state of European affairs will render these publications unusually interesting during the coming year. They will occupy a middle ground between the hastily written news-items, crude speculations, and flying rumors of the daily Journal, and the ponderous Tome of the future historian, written after the living interest and excitement of the great political events of the time shall have passed away. It is to these Periodicals that readers must look for the only really intelligent and reliable history of current events, and as such, in addition to their well-established literary, scientific, and theological character, we urge them upon the consideration of the reading public.

Arrangements are now permanently made for the receipt of four copies of the British Periodicals, by which we are enabled to place all our Reprints in the hands of subscribers about as soon as they can be furnished with the original copies. Although this involves a very large outlay on our part, we shall continue to furnish the Periodicals at the same low rates as heretofore, viz:—

For any one of the four Reviews \$3 00
For any two of the four Reviews 5 00
For any three of the four Reviews 7 00
For all four of the Reviews 8 00
For Blackwood's Magazine, 2 00
For Blackwood and three Reviews 9 00
For Blackwood and the four Reviews 10 00
Payments to be made in all cases in advance. Money current in the State where issued will be received at par.

CLUBBING:

A discount of twenty-five per cent, from the above prices will be allowed to clubs ordering direct from L. SCOTT & CO., four or more copies of any one or more of the above works. Thus, four copies of Blackwood, or of our Review, will be sent to one address for \$9; four copies of the four Reviews and Blackwood, for \$30, and so on.

POSTAGE.—In all the principal cities and towns, these works will be delivered, through Agents, Free of Postage. When sent by mail, the Postage to any part of the United States will be but 24 cents a year for each of the Reviews, and but 14 cents a year for each of the Reviews.

Remittances and communications should always be addressed, post-paid, to the Publishers, LEONARD SCOTT & CO., 54 Gold Street, New York.

N. B. L. SCOTT & CO. have recently published, and have now for sale, the "FARMER'S GUIDE," by Henry Stephens, of Edinburgh, and the late Prof. Norton, of Yale College. New Haven, complete in 2 vols., royal octavo, containing 1600 pages, 14 steel and 600 wood engravings. Price, in a neat binding, \$6.

This work is the sort of old "Book or the Farmer," lately resuscitated and thrown upon the market.

Willow Ware.

A LARGE variety of Willow Baskets of almost every description, just rec'd. at

J. B. AKIN'S.

"Father," said a juvenile to his paternal guardian, who had the queer habit of alternating from piety to profanity, "I do think you ought to stop praying or swearing—I don't care which."

THE OYSTER DEPOT!

BALTIMORE
ON ST

The Tribune

JANUARY 26, 1855.

AGRICULTURAL.

CABBAGES FOR MILK AND BUTTER.—It is only a few years since we had various recommendations for coloring butter to a deep yellow, by grinding up and mixing in the pulp of the orange carrot, but the best way that we found for giving the carrot color, was to pass these roots first through the cow. We have, with nothing more than an average decent cow, made seven pounds of butter, in the depth of winter, besides using a small portion of the milk daily on the table. This was accomplished by the use of about a peck and a half of the white variety per day. We hope such of our readers as can, will experiment in the use of this root, the present winter, and let us know the result.

Country Gentleman.

LEAVES AS A MANURE.—Boston Cultivator says: Leaves are valuable as manure and as bedding for animals. They answer as good a purpose for litter as straw and this is worth here \$15 a ton. We do not mean to say that leaves will last as long, but while they do last they are as good. Vast quantities might be collected at little expense. A farm in this vicinity keeps several men and a team employed for several days every year, after the fruit and forest trees have shed their foliage, gathering and storing leaves. They are used as litter for horses, cattle and swine. He says the manure that is mixed with leaves is so much better than that mixed with straw, that the difference can be perceived in crops to which it is applied.

SALT YOUR CORN.—Put six bushels of common salt upon an acre of land prepared for corn, and you will just pick the wire-worms to death, and add fertility to the soil. Salt, after having laid a few days in the ground, ceases to be salt, but undergoes a chemical change highly favorable to vegetation. There is no danger in planting, after the salt has undergone this change. Not only will salt, applied to land, kill the eggs and larvae of insects, but will kill many sorts of weeds that would otherwise spring forth and choke the crop.

Carolina Watchman.

GARDENS THAT NEVER FAIL.—My garden failed last year, owing to the drought, was the result of a trial of ours when applying for the slowest appearance of a patch of ground which was dignified with the name of garden, and in a single cool year, after plowing and harrowing the ground, he is accustomed to plant corn, beans, onions, beets, cucumbers, melons, &c., for the supply of his family, but the soil being clayey, and not over six or eight inches in depth, with a compact subsoil beneath, the crops were of course liable to dry up in such a season of severe drought as was last year in June; and as such seasons are by no means unusual in this climate, it is good policy for every one who has a garden or vegetable patch to adopt such a system of culture as will prevent the danger of failure from this source.

Deepening the soil is the only effective means of protection against failure from drought. Plow or spade up the subsoil in the fall, so as to expose it to the mellowing effects of frost, say to the depth of a foot at least, and dig deeper so much the better, adding a good supply of stable manure the crops will then push their roots so deep, and moisture will rise from below so constantly, that while other gardens may fail from drought, this will continue green and flourishing and the increased yield as well as improved quality of its products will in a single year almost or quite pay for the improvement.

Cucumbers, melons, and similar vines that have small roots, run very deep if opportunity is offered them. Experienced gardeners will not fail to give them deep as well as rich ground, in this sunny climate where droughts are so frequent. The same is true of cabbages, and in short all kinds of garden vegetables. The direction for the culture of such things as are given in most books on gardening are written by persons unaccustomed to dry and warm climates as ours and hence are defective in not sufficiently insisting upon deep culture as a prevention of injury from drought. We find it necessary to give "line upon line" on this subject.

Ohio Cultivator.

CIGARS

TOBACCO.

I AM still engaged in manufacturing the most superior Spanish, Half-Spanish and Common CIGARS.

With which I am prepared to fill orders either wholesale or retail, on favorable terms. Having been for many years established at Danville, the Cigars of my manufacture are too well known to require any further recommendation than those who have used them are willing to give. Being an experienced judge of Tobacco, I use none but the very best article, both of imported and domestic. I have also an assortment of very superior

Imported Spanish Cigars, Together with the best articles of Virginia, Missouri, and Kentucky

CHERRY TOBACCO. Smoking Tobacco, Snuff, Pipes, &c. &c. Orders from a distance promptly filled.

GEO. F. CORNELIUS.

Danville, Oct 6, 1854

JEWELRY, & C.

I HAVE just received from the East, a handsome assortment of

WATCHES. BRISTOL PINS, EAR RINGS, and Jet Jewelry of all kinds, Making my stock very complete, which I shall be pleased to show to my friends and the public.

THOS. R. J. AYRES.

Sept 29, '54

POST NOTICE. HAVING been annoyed for some time past by persons hunting on my grounds, leaving fences down, and otherwise disturbing me, I have been compelled to give notice, that in future the law will be rigidly enforced against all persons hunting in any way on my land.

GEO. W. TRIBBLE.

Dec 8, '54

HOTELS.

REDDING HOUSE

G. A. ARMSTRONG, Proprietor, Shelbyville, Ky.

BATTERTON HOUSE

DANVILLE, KY.

THE undersigned having purchased this large and commodious Hotel, is prepared to accommodate travelers, regular boarders, and the public generally, in the best style. By strict attention to the comfort of patrons, by keeping a good table, and having competent assistants, and polite, experienced servants, he hopes to sustain the widely spread and enviable reputation of this place.

THE STAGES for Lexington, Louisville, Crab Orchard, Lebanon, &c., arrive at and depart from this house. There is attached to it a large STABLE, where Horses, Buggy Hacks, &c., can be hired at all times.

WM. M. FIELDS.

Sept 22, '54

CITY HOTEL

(Formerly "Central House.")

Danville, Ky.

HOPE & WHITE, PROPRIETORS.

THE subscribers having taken for a term of years the entire stand in Danville known as the "CENTRAL HOUSE," would respectfully inform the public that they are now prepared to accommodate all who may prefer to call upon them. It is needless to say, however, that the House is a fine large STABLE, provided with an abundance of excellent Horses, and attended by a careful and attentive Hostler. Horses kept by the day, month or week.

JAMES HOPE, J. B. WHITE.

Danville, Jan 13, 1854

CUMBERLAND HOUSE

East side of the Public Square, Somerset, Ky.

R. C. HARRIS, Proprietor.

Somerset, Jan 14, '53

DANVILLE HOUSE

W. A. HARRIS.

THE undersigned having leased this large and commodious establishment for a number of years, and thoroughly refitted and refurnished the same, is now prepared to accommodate all who may prefer to call upon them. It is needless to say, however, that the House is a fine large STABLE, provided with an abundance of excellent Horses, and attended by a careful and attentive Hostler. Horses kept by the day, month or week.

W. A. HARRIS.

Danville, April 1, '53

DANVILLE MALE AND FEMALE ACADEMY

THE Principal, assisted by Miss Mary Melan, his brother, S. Melan, and other competent teachers, will commence the 24th session of this institution on the 1st Monday in September.

The course of instruction will be very thorough, embracing the English Language, Algebra and Geometry, Latin and Greek, Natural, Moral and Mental Philosophy, Logic, Rhetoric, Aristotle's Evidence of Christianity, and Butler's Analogy.

Terms, per Session of 20 weeks:

Learning to Spell and Read, \$10 00

Geography and Mental Arithmetic, 12 00

Junior, Middle and Senior Classes, 15 00

There will be a charge of \$1 per session for pens, ink, copy-books and pencils. Fuel for schoolroom, \$1.

No deduction made for absence, except in cases of special agreement.

The Preparatory Department

Of Centre College will be connected with this school, and those in that department must comply with the following College law: "The tuition fee of \$10 00 per annum, with \$1 for fuel, covering the whole College course, and the amount of these charges must be made in advance. Those who enter two months before the annual session have commenced, are charged in proportion to the part of it that they remain in. Young men pursuing the studies with a view to the ministry and receiving aid from any society, pay only \$10 00 per annum for tuition."

JOHN L. MCKEE.

Sept 1, '54

DRS. I. WESTERFIELD & SON

HAVING located in Shelbyville, Ky., ten days their professional services to the afflicted. They will give special attention to the treatment of

CHRONIC DISEASES.

The Senior partner has given his undivided attention to the practice of Medicine for the last 25 years. In addition to his regular course of reading, he studied and practiced for three years in connection with the

Indian Doctor, Richard Carter, Sen. Formerly of Shelby county, Ky., from whom he obtained all those valuable recipes and formulas for the preparation of his peculiar remedies, which have proven so continuously successful in the treatment of

Chronic Diseases.

It is simple uncomplicated diseases, where a carefully written description is sent them, (free of charge,) they will send medicines and directions promptly by mail.

Aug 25, '54

NEW GOODS

FOR THE FALL OF 1854.

S. & E. S. MESSICK

WOULD respectfully call the attention of their customers and the public to their extensive and fashionable stock of

Fall and Winter Goods,

Professional Cards.

T. P. YOUNG

CAN be found at the Law Office formerly occupied by J. H. Wallcut, Esq., on Main-street, opposite the Court-house, (now occupied jointly by Fry, Sneed and Young). He will attend promptly to the collection of notes either as an Attorney or General Collector. All business entrusted to him shall be faithfully and speedily attended to, and returns punctually forwarded.

Danville, March 10, '54

J. F. Bell, JOHN COWAN, BELL & COWAN, Attorneys at Law, DANVILLE, KY.

HAVING associated their lives together in the practice of their profession, will give faithful attention to all business entrusted to their care in Boyle and the adjoining counties.

Oct 14, '53

J. L. BOLING, Attorney and Counsellor at Law, Main-street, Perryville, Ky.

Will attend to all business entrusted to him in Boyle and the adjoining counties.

Sept 2, '53

BOYLE & ANDERSON, ATTORNEYS AT LAW, DANVILLE, KY.

WILL continue to Practice Law in partnership with Boyle and the adjoining counties. Office on Third-street, opposite the Tribune Printing Office.

Sept 2, '54

SPEED S. FRY, ATTORNEY AT LAW, WILL practice in the County of Boyle and the adjoining counties. Any business confided to him, will be promptly attended to.

Feb 27, '52

F. T. & T. M. FOX, Attorneys at Law, DANVILLE, KY.

Will attend to all business entrusted to them in Boyle and the adjoining counties.

April 9, '52

GEO. P. NEWLIN, SURGEON AND MECHANICAL DENTIST, DANVILLE, KENTY.

OFFICE—Up stairs, over Mr. J. H. Caldwell's Store. Entrance on Main street.

Nov 18, '53

DR. JAS. MONTER

WILL continue the practice of Medicine in all the counties in Danville, and the surrounding country. Office on Walnut-street, near his residence.

Danville, Nov 5, '52

Business Notices.

C. F. MEYER, DEALER IN PIANOS, Music and Musical Instruments, Corner of Main and Lexington sts. (opposite the Millinery shop.)

Entrance: The iron steps on Mulberry street, opposite the Theatre Hotel.

(Pianos tuned and repaired as usual.)

Sept 15, '54

J. P. THOREL, Fashionable Boot & Shoe Maker, MAIN ST., DANVILLE, KENTY.

North Side, near the Court-house.

A large stock of the most superior Materials kept constantly on hand, and made to the best workman employed.

May 19, '54

SIGN PAINTING

C. M. P. ION, At Geo. Thorel's Coach Shop, Danville, Jan 20, '54

J. C. HEWEY, Wholesale and Retail Dealer in Confectioneries and Candies, Fine Groceries, FOREIGN AND DOMESTIC FRUITS, Perfumery and Fancy Articles, Cigars and Tobacco; Wines and Cakes; Oysters, &c. &c., NO. 23, MAIN STREET, Danville, Ky.

March 14, '53

W. B. MORROW & CO., Wholesale and Retail Grocers, Dealers in Produce, and Commission Merchants, DANVILLE, KY.

NO. 256, MAIN STREET, LOUISVILLE, KY.

WATKINS & OWSLEY, Commission Merchants, Provision and Tobacco Brokers, NO. 256, MAIN STREET, LOUISVILLE, KY.

WANTED At the Tribune Printing Office,

10,000 POUNDS OF

Clean Linen or Cotton Rags, For which the very highest market price, WILL BE PAID.

NEW BOOKS, School, College, Juvenile, and Miscellaneous, BOARDS, DANVILLE, KY.

I AM now in receipt of the largest and best assorted stock of

Books, School, College, Juvenile, and Miscellaneous, BOARDS, DANVILLE, KY.

Books, School, College, Juvenile, and Miscellaneous, BOARDS, DANVILLE, KY.

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Books, School, College, Juvenile, and Miscellaneous, BOARDS, DANVILLE, KY.

DR. J. B. WHITE,

DANVILLE, KY. (LATE OF IRAB ORCHARD.)

THE undersigned respectfully announces to the citizens of Danville, and community generally, that he will practice Medicine in conjunction with the Water Cure treatment, in such cases as may seem practicable to his mind. By a union of the two systems, he has enabled himself to treat both the Acute and Chronic forms of disease with much less medicine and with much greater success, than with either employed separately. In no one disease has the success of the joint practice proved its superior efficacy and unparalleled success, as in the case of

CONSUMPTION.

I assert the curability of Consumption, knowing that this will be regarded as fiction—it being an almost universal belief that Consumption cannot be cured. "What cure Consumption?" Even so, I wish to assume the responsibility of cure, and I declare my ability to control and cure a large majority of the cases of clearly developed Pulmonary Consumption, varying under fifty years of age.

Hereditary predisposition to Consumption has been and is yet considered a cause of the most formidable character—a cause which no cure or treatment can avert, and one which all who have unfortunately labored must feel the blighting influence of. The fallacy of this opinion I feel prepared to prove, both from reason and the practical results in a variety of cases which have fallen under my observation within the last twenty years.

If in no case of Consumption will a charge be made for medical services until the patient is fully satisfied of a progressive improvement, except for consulting fee, (which is \$10 in advance,) nor for that, unless actual treatment is entered into.

For the information of those at a distance who may desire to place themselves under my treatment, I may state that they can find board and all the necessary attention on reasonable terms, at the City Hotel.

OFFICE at the City Hotel, where we will be pleased to see all who may prefer to consult with us.

Danville, March 17, '54

A NEW STORE.

Drugs, Medicines, Books, Stationery, Fancy Articles, &c.

I AM now receiving an unusually heavy stock of articles in my line of business, embracing a complete assortment of

FRESH DRUGS AND MEDICINES! Which I can recommend to Physicians and others as being undoubtedly genuine and pure. I have also the largest stock of

STANDARD TEXT BOOKS For Schools, Colleges, &c., ever brought to the place. Also, Miscellaneous Books, Stationery, Perfumery, Cutlery, and Fancy Articles in almost endless variety.

I AM prepared to sell at wholesale to Druggists, Physicians, Teachers, &c., on the most favorable terms.

A S. MCGRORY.

Danville, Sept 8, 1854

DANVILLE MARBLE WORKS.

THE undersigned respectfully announces that he has now on hand a very superior and beautiful stock of Italian and American

MARBLE, Which he is prepared to manufacture into

Tombs, Head-Stones, &c., in any desired size and style. Also, Slabs of Marble, and other work in Marble or Limestone, made to order on reasonable terms.

Persons desiring anything in my line, are invited to call at my shop, on Main street, near the Post Office, and examine specimens of my work.

JOHN L. FRAYNE.

July 14, '54

COAL—COAL—COLE

CONSEQUENCE of the increased price of transportation, and of grain and other food for my tenants, have been compelled to raise the price of coal, delivered in Danville, by 25 cents per bushel—to be paid, in every instance, upon the delivery of the coal.

R. M. ROBINSON

Sept 15, '54

New Stage Arrangement!!

TWO DAILY LINES OF STAGES From Lexington to Danville AND CRAB ORCHARD.

STAGES leave Lexington at 7 o'clock A.M. and Danville at 10 o'clock A.M. and return from Danville to Lexington at 1 o'clock P.M. and Lexington at 4 o'clock P.M.

Passengers can leave Lexington daily and arrive at Danville in time for the cars to Louisville or Cincinnati, and arrive at either place the same day. Returning, passengers from Louisville or Cincinnati, by a 25-cent Stage, can go through Danville and Lebanon to Greensburg, without detention at any point.

Persons desiring to leave Lexington daily and arrive at Danville in time for the cars to Louisville or Cincinnati, and arrive at either place the same day. Returning, passengers from Louisville or Cincinnati, by a 25-cent Stage, can go through Danville and Lebanon to Greensburg, without detention at any point.

C. A. HAWKINS & CO.

Sept 8, '54

PERFUMERY MATCHES, a new article, for sale by

J. C. HEWEY.

A SUPERIOR article of Friction Grin stone Rollers kept on hand

at WELSH & RUSSELL'S

on 13

COOKS' KNIVES

MEAT-CUTTER.

SAUSAGE CUTTERS!

Just received. These are the same as the formerly sold by G. A. Armstrong, and are of the best quality.

Persons desiring to see any of these will find them in my store.

J. B. AKIN'S.

Sept 15, '54

A LARGE lot of Bacon for sale at

WELSH & RUSSELL'S

on 24

WELSH & RUSSELL'S

on 24

WELSH & RUSSELL'S

OYSTER SALOON.

The undersigned has just opened, in the large room over the Railroad Office, on Third street,

AN OYSTER SALOON, Which is now ready for the reception of guests.

Fresh Baltimore Oysters RECEIVED EVERY DAY.

And served up by the can or dozen in the best style.

Cook Oysters, Sardines, &c. constantly on hand. For particulars call.

T. J. SHINDELBOWER, Jr.

For sale by WM. P. STOUT.

Sept 15, '54

OLD ROCHESTER NURSERIES, ROCHESTER, NEW YORK.

AMUEL MOULSON, Proprietor.

There are under cultivation over ONE HUNDRED ACRES of every description of

Fruit Trees, Shrubs, Plants, &c. Suitable for utility or ornament.

The great care in picking, rendering the trees perfectly safe for thousands of miles transport, has given entire satisfaction. The same precaution, labor, and expense will still be devoted to the picking department; so that all, however distant from the Nursery, may confidently calculate upon their orders being packed in the most approved manner.

All Fruit Trees, Plants, &c., purchased of the above Nurseries, are warranted, and will be delivered in Danville, free of cost, and at our risk.

The undersigned, the authorized Agent of the Rochester Nurseries, can be seen, for the present, at the "Batterton House," in Danville.

There orders will be thankfully received and attended to. For Trees forwarded during the month of November.

WM. DENNESTON, Agent.

June 2, '54

FRESH MEATS.

THE undersigned would return thanks to the citizens of Danville, and vicinity for the very liberal patronage he has received since he commenced the Butchering business in this place, and begs leave to inform them that he is now prepared to furnish them with the best

BEEF AND MUTTON Which the country can afford.

Every Wednesday & Saturday Mornings, and he intends selling his meats as cheap as possible as it can possibly be afforded.

JOHN STODGILL.

Danville, Sept 8, '54

JOHN O'GAUNT, Importer Bull, JOHN O'GAUNT, is now at my farm, 3 miles from Danville, immediately on the Lexington Turnpike, and will be let to regular tenants, at the moderate price of FIFTY DOLLARS the season, the money to be paid when the cow is taken away. If any cow, however, should prove not to be with calf, the owner will have the privilege of breeding her gratis until she does. Full pasture will be furnished gratis for all cows sent to the Bull, and all care taken to avoid such escapes, but no liability should any happen.

A. G. TALBOT.

June 23, '54

LIGHTNING RODS!